



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **VV** Hise there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed Francisco,
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at hart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. Barnardo hath my place; giue you good night.

*Exit Fran.
Mar.*

B.